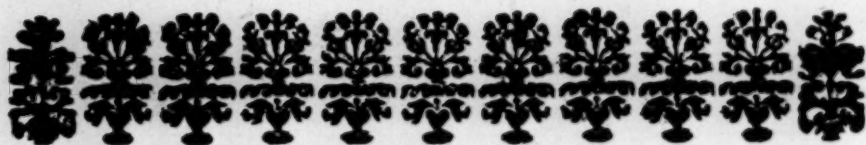


Imprimatur MATTH.  
CLAY.

*Aprilis 6.*  
1639.





Imprimatur MATTH.  
CLAY.

*Aprilis 6.*  
1639.





THE  
Second Part of  
THE  
CID.

---



LONDON,  
Printed by *I. Okes*, for *Samuell  
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shop in *St. Pauls Church-yard*  
at the signe of the white Lion.  
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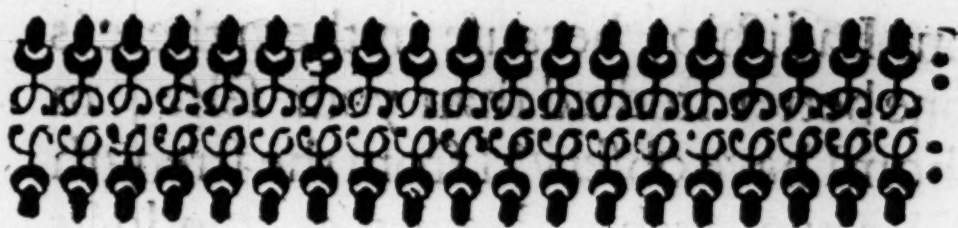
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TO  
THE TRUELY  
Noble the Ladie,  
*Theophila Cooke.*

MADAM,



I had no obligation to  
your Ladiship, which  
might challenge my  
endeavours of honou-  
ring you, a fitter or a  
happier name could  
not protect this piece, (whose subject is  
the preferring of Dutie, and respects  
before Love, as the former did Honour  
and courage:) which I therefore offer to



## *The Epistle*

your Ladiship; because in them there is none better studied than your selfe, in whom I have observ'd from the strength of Vertue, such a serenity as conducts your mind to the performance of whatsoever is fit and decent in humane life. And I remember I had the Honour to heare your Ladiship discourse of this subject, when you concluded that a perfect Lover should submit his desires to his Mistresses advancement: which made mee wish that our French Authour had spoken with those Graces here in this, with which your Ladiship then did. But since it pleased his Majesty to thinke it worth the translating, and commanded it to be put into my hands, I will not censure it, though I believe, if that may carry the place which is free from deformities, without excellence before that which is here and there exceeding faire, and as much blemished, I think this may deserve it, which is rather not to be excepted to then much extold. Whatsoever it be, I beseech your Ladiship to let it  
passe



## *Dedicatory.*

pasſe under your name, leſt I be thought  
in diſcreet in placing it elſe-where, or  
unmindfull of what I owe you, though  
this be the leaſt part of that returne  
which is meant to you from

*Your moſt humble and*

*obedient Servant,*

**ERUTTER.**



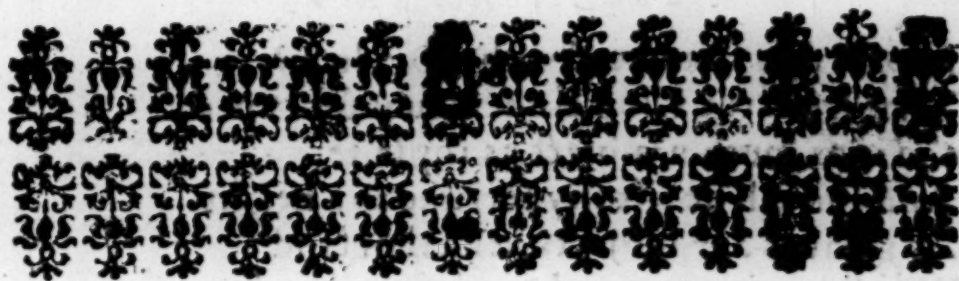
## The *Persons* of the *Play*.

The young King of *Castile*.  
D<sup>a</sup>. URRACA the INFANTA his Sister.  
CELIMANT King of *Corduba*.  
SPHERANTI Prince of *Toledo*.  
SERIFFA Sister to CELIMANT.  
D. DIEGO Father to the CID. ;  
RODERIGO the CID.  
CIMENA.  
D. SANCHE Favourite to the King.  
D. ARIAS.  
Guard. Attendants. Page to CIMENA.

## The Scene.

The Court of SEVILLE.





# The Second Part of The C I D.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

---

INFANTA. CIMENA.

INFANTA.



Tell me *Cimena* and deal truly with me,  
What makes you thus disdain to be a  
Queen,  
Are the allurements of a Kingdome  
such  
As they can hardly touch, lesse charm  
your heart ?

No, I shall nere believe it, but must wonder  
At your refusall: do you think your *Cid*  
With all his fortune, and the best effects  
Of his great valour, can at any time



## *The second Part*

Impale this faire head with a Diadem?  
That from the King alone you must expect  
*Cid* is as much a subject as thy selfe,  
And though he list thy fortune to a height  
As great as any subjects, yet a thousand  
Will side with thee, when this my brother offers  
Will set thy beauties in a point to strike  
The gazers eyes with envy, or amazement.

CIM.

Madam, tis true so great a Princes love  
Might take another, though it cannot me,  
And the false lustre of a Sovereigne greatnesse  
May dazell any fond young Virgins eyes,  
But for my own direction ile take lesse  
Of their ambition, more of modesty,  
And truly Madam, I shall never envy  
Her who enjoyes the happinesse you offer,  
The pomp of Thrones seems troublesome to me,  
My desires draw themselves within their compasse,  
And look no higher then their proper reach:  
Equality does make the perfect match,  
Unequall persons render the link so weak  
That love can hardly make it hold together.

IN.

I know *Cimena* thy great modesty,  
But let it not divert thee from a good  
Sent from the hand of Heaven, and a King. (never  
That power, which gave thee such rare parts, would  
They should be streightned in a narrow fortune  
It knows this fore-head's destin'd for a Crown  
Which to confirme, it makes a Monarch know  
That nought lesse then himselfe can suite thy merit  
Though *God* have heretofore made thee his Idoll.  
Dost think his love's not subject unto change  
And that he must continue in his absence  
As a great souldier, so a faithfull lover.

Per-



## of the C I D.

Perhaps thy love may trouble him at present,  
Whilst his ambition grows up with his fortune;  
If ere he gain'd his glorious name of *Cid*,  
He thought himself already worthy thee,  
Dost think his heart will stay in the same bounds,  
Now that all *Spain*, and other Nations  
Admire and feare his valour? ah *Cimena*  
Some thing perswades me that his hopes fly higher,  
A throne will be the certain rock whereon  
Thy so much boasted faith must finde its Tombe.

C I M.

Oh heavens, how handsomely she would surprize me  
And ravish that from me her self would have! *Aside*  
I without doubt she loves him; and I know  
She speaks more for herself then for the King:  
Madam, if *Roderigo* leave *Cimena*  
To give his heart unto a nobler love,  
You shall perceive that she is one can suffer  
With as much ease his lightnesse, as his absence.

I N.

But since thou hast the very same advantage  
Serve thy selfe of it, and as his great honours  
Alter his passions, so let thine *Cimena*  
Take the same flight, and do not thinke thou shalt  
For that, be calld inconstant or lesse faithfull,  
Or that thy change should stick a crime upon thee,  
The wils of Kings can render all things lawfull.  
Besides thy fathers death may well excuse thee,  
And I remember with how much constraint  
Thou mad'st a promise of thy love to him  
Which was no more then hope; the King has power  
To cancell that, nor must thy vertue suffer  
So great a stain as to preferre the man  
Who kild thy father to the King.

C I M.

But Madam.

You

## *The second Part*

You know how strong a conflict I had in me  
Before I gave consent, whilst his great love  
Did lesse then my obedience, I resisted  
Till in the end I saw I must obey  
What the King will'd, he said, I must forget  
His Crime and my revenge: your father Madam  
Gave me into his hands, and since I am  
His prisoner, the same bonds shall end my life  
And fortune both at once.

IN.

But heare my reasons.

CIM.

To what purpose.

Should we dispute of what's resolv'd already?

IN.

Well you may think of it at better leasure.

*Exit.*

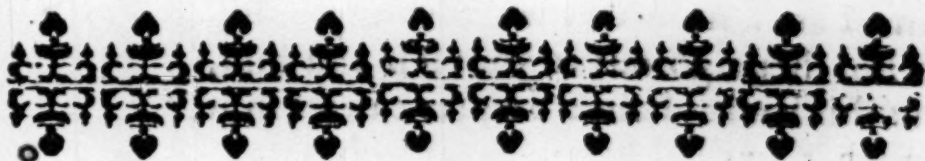
CIM.

Yes: and I know the object of my Choice:  
If the *Cids* glory do put out his flame;  
And that's great lustre quench the heat of this  
I shall not stay the progresse of his fortune,  
Let him be on a Throne, me in my grave,  
Yet if this head must ever weare a Crown  
From none but *Cid* himselfe shall I accept it.  
But what's the reason that he writes not to me?  
I had some letters from him at the first,  
When the same hand which was bedewd in bloud  
Dry'd up my teares, but yet (alas) I feare  
Least distance of our eyes estrange our hearts:  
For of late (save the conquest of the Rebels)  
I can heare nothing from him, he destroyes  
His enemies and my hopes both at one time,  
His glory makes him to forget his dutie;  
But yet deare heart excuse my sad complaint.  
True love was never yet without some feare  
Thou canst not be so generous and inconstant,

And

*of the C I D:*

And I should feare leffe, lov'd I not so much.  
Come then my foule and make no longer triall  
Both of my passion and my patience :  
Come to deliver me from these my doubts  
Or know that here I cannot live without thee.



SCENE II.

DON SANCHO.

Who's this *Don Sancho*? what may his businesse be?  
SAN.

The best of news unto the best of women.

CIM.

What news? Is *Cid* return'd?

SAN.

Not yet sweet Madam,  
He's still expected, but a greater joy  
Attends you, which will soon dispell these clouds,  
How glorious is your fortune like to be?

CIM.

What? has he overcome his enemies?  
Is he come home laden with Palmes and Lawrels?

SAN.

I heare his valor has assur'd our state,  
But that is not the cause of this my visit.

CIM.

What's then my happinesse, pray let me know it.

SAN.

Madam advise but with your own perfections

And



## The second Part

And you will know the good provided for you,  
Aske counsell of your eyes; and they will tell you  
Gainst whom their quick & burning darts are thrown  
They'l tell you that a King sprightly and young  
Chooses to be a slave before himself:

And that he findes his chains so sweet and pleasant  
He seems to have no will to reigne without you,  
And I am sent to aske what he implores,  
Be not then rigorous to your self and him,  
But think what baits a Scepter carries in it,  
And that 'twill ill become you to be cruell  
When a Crown, and title of a Queen is offerd.

C I M.

Ime sure it lesse becomes thee to afflict me  
With a discourse so hatefull, perjur'd man  
Hast thou so little shame, and courage in thee  
To speake this and not blush; hast thou forgot  
The glory of thy bonds; and that my self  
Permitted thee to weare em, whilst my pittie  
Made my looks gracious to thee, couldst thou then  
Having been once a Lover, proud to be so,  
Speak for another now, and that I should  
For thy sake take his love into my heart,  
Thou shewst by this thy basenesse, how unworthy  
Was *Roderigoes* rivall, since thou canst not  
Preserve the honour which thou hadst, for once  
To have been his Comperitor.

S A N.

Did I think

That you bore any thoughts of love to me,  
Or that th' impression of my former flame  
Were not quite worn out of your heart, I should not  
Speak for the King a word, but for my self,  
And you should see by my great constancie,  
How much I do cherish such a hope.

C I M.



of the C I D.

C I M.

What traitour  
Should I love thee? canst thou imagine it?  
Or tempt thy self with such a vanity;  
I never yet receiv'd a flame so hatefull  
And if I thought my heart could entertain it,  
I'd pull it out my self: but canst thou have  
The confidence, *Don Sancho* to pretend  
To what thou wert not able to defend;  
Hast thou forgot the Duell where thou wert  
Forc'd to bring me the sword thou vainly hadst  
Imploy'd against the *Cid*, is it for that  
Thou lay'st thy claime to my affection?  
For that must I preferre thee to the man  
Whom the *Moors* feare, and *Spaine* does reverence?  
Come let me heare thy actions; were our enemies  
Defeated by thy valour? Did the *Moors*  
Yield themselves at the hearing of thy name?  
Does thy arme hold our tottering Kingdome up?  
Art thou the glory of it? prove it true  
And I will run into thy deare embraces.

S A N.

Madam, I have not so much arrogance  
To challenge to my self such mighty deeds.  
My actions bound themselves more narrowly:  
I never did defeat the *Moors*, my arme  
Could nere do any thing worth your acceptance,  
And yet it reaks not with your fathers blood.

C I M.

Knows thy fierce rage no bounds, tak'st thou delight  
To persecute me still, art thou not weary  
To see my teares run? thou mightst easier draw  
My blood, and kill me with lesse cruelty.  
Come make it perfect, and revenge thy shame  
Upon my lives losse; yet let thy rage forbear  
To wrong that goodnesse, which has spar'd thy life.

S A N.

## The second Part

SAN.

In telling truth I offer no man wrong,  
Nor did my rage suggest my words unto me  
Your Designe's fair indeed, but your hope vain;  
You care not how y'affront a Monarchs will;  
Nor can you think that your *Cid* will be faithlesse,  
You are the only she in all the Court  
To whom his love's unknown, you have not heard  
That *Cordubas Infanta* is his Mistris;  
But he himself avows it in his letters,  
Which he has done so to the life, that all  
Believe he's lesse their enemy, then her lover.

CIM.

Well let th' *Infanta* come, let her instead  
Of being captive be a conqueresse,  
Let *Cid* that should be victor, be her slave;  
It matters not, so I may have thy absence:  
We wait th' effects of his inconstancie  
With more assurance, and farre lesse disquiet,  
Pray leave-me, I demand it as a favour  
And finde some better office when you next  
Addressie your selfe to any; 'tis no shame  
Not to have well discharg'd such an employment  
As being done must needs betray thy honour.

SAN.

'Long as I serve my King, I feare no blame  
But here's an end of this; I leave you Madam,  
Till time shall make you to digest my counsaile.  
In the mean while I'm silent, and obey. *Exit.*

SCENE



SCENE III.

KING, DON DIEGO, Guard,  
and Attendants.

KING.

DO not believe *Don Diego*, though I share  
My heart and Crown with the belov'd *Cimena*,  
That ile usurpe by my authority  
A treasure which thy sonne deserv'd so well.  
No, his great services do live too fresh  
In my remembrance to be so required;  
Rather I meant to augment his happinesse,  
And his reward shall paralell his valour,  
A nobler Mistris I designe for him  
To whom *Cimena* without blushing may  
Give place unto; nor should thy sonne complain  
Of this my affection, or of that his change.

DIE.

But we have never fir deserv'd this honour,  
Nor dare my sonne pretend to such a fortune,  
A higher happinesse attends the Princesse,  
Who is too generous to descend so low.

K.

His actions tell me that he merits more  
Which to reward according to his value  
A Scepter is too little; I will share

With



## The second Part

With him in his desires, he in my power.  
Love may content us both, if as my sister  
Is willing to receive him for her servant,  
So will the fair *Cimena* me for hers.  
*Don Sancho* from me is gone to see her,  
He knows her spirit, and should, how to tame it:  
I hope well of his fair tongues good success.  
But why is he so slow in his return?  
Since he is conscious of my neereſt ſecrets  
He muſt needs know that I burn all this while  
And that his ſlowneſſe cauſes me to languish.



### SCENE IV.

DON SANCHO.

DIE:

YOur Maieſty has no cauſe of further trouble,  
See where he is.

K.

Oh *Don Sancho* welcome,  
What ſays *Cimena*?

S A N.

All that rigour can  
All that diſdain and ſcorn does uſually  
Inſpire proud ſpirits with, that cruell faire  
Permitted to her tongue, my gentle words  
Were ſpent in vain; the Northern wind would ſooner  
Have



of the C I D.

Have given them hearing, *Roderigo's* love  
Has made her to all else inexorable,  
Nor can we hope to treat with her again :  
As for a Crown, Scepter, or any greatnesse  
They seem but to stirre up her anger more.

K:

What? will she be so cruell to her King?  
I must abate the pride of that fierce humour,  
And my resentment of t shall make her see  
That Princes must be treated otherwise:  
But these scorns her, Ile turn into her shame :  
And *Cid* whom she believès her own already,  
Shall as well fail her hopes, as she has mine  
When a more worthy object shall invite him  
To change his love, and his disdains of her  
Shall revenge hers of me.



SCENE V.

DON ARIAS.

*Don Arias,*  
What news is it you bring?

A R I.

Of *Cid's* good fortune,  
And of the Rebels fate, he is hard by  
Victorious and in health.

K.

I long to see him

A R I.

## The second Part

ARI.

He is not farre fir from the City walls,  
Mean-while this Letter will confirme your Majesty,  
Ith' truth of what I said.

K.

How am I ravish'd  
And my soule burnis with hot impatience  
After this object which she so desires,  
Go tell him that my thoughts are swift to see him,  
*Don Diego* see that he be well received.



## Act II. Scene I.

KING, INFANTA; and  
CIMENA.

KING.



T seems *Cimena*, you have no room left  
In this hard heart of yours for him  
that loves you,  
Must a King live and die in the same  
fettters?

Were I a private man you'd be ingrate-  
full

To hate me, 'cause I love you, howsoever  
You were too blame to use *Don Sancho* so.  
Comming from me, and offering my service

He

of the C I D.

He might deserve a kinder entertainment  
Civility would require so much; and though  
He had displeas'd you, courting you for me  
Duty should have made good your want of love.

CIM.

I cannot tell, sir, what has rais'd your anger,  
Nor how *Don Sancho* has describ'd me to you:  
But certainly, no vanity of mine  
Did make me to forget my duty to you:  
And my refusall of the soveraigne title  
Shew'd my respect, and not my cruelty,  
*Don Sancho* perhaps might be displeas'd,  
But his discourse mov'd me to what I said,  
Since he durst call to minde my fathers murder  
(A wound still bleeding in my memory.)

K.

If thou hast yet a feeling of this grief  
Both for thy honour, and content *Cimena*  
Tis fit thou banish from thy kinder thoughts  
The Author of it, nor does he now beare  
The same affection to thee which he did;  
When he left thee hee left his first intentions  
And having chang'd his climate, chang'd his love,  
*Seriffas* beauty is the mark he aymes at,  
Who once thy enemy, is now thy rivall.  
I'me sure he's much engag'd to this *Infanta*,  
But if he were not, yet the services  
My father had from all his Family  
Designe for him the *Infanta* of *Castile*.

SCENE



*The Second Part*



SCENE II.

DON ARIAS.

A R.

Sr.

K.

What wouldst thou?

A R.

Roderigo is without.

K.

Admit him then: now you shall see *Cimena*  
This glorious Conquerour, I know hele come  
Triumphantly, leading his Mistris with him,  
You'l easily perceive in this encounter  
Either his love or his ingratitude.  
Make your best use then of this time, compare  
Your Graces with your Rivals, and by them  
Guesse what your fortune's like to be.

CI.

Oh Heavens!

With what eyes can I see this his approach?

SCENE

of the CID.



SCENE III. to them.

RODERIGO, SERIFFA;  
SPHERANTI, and  
CELMANT.

R O.

GREAT King, then whom the Sun sees nothing hap-  
(Joy of your subjects terror of your foes) (pier,  
At length the warre respiring, gives me leave  
To have the honour to kneele here before you,  
But as unto the Deity, of which  
You are the Image, none should dare to come  
Without an offering, so nor could I  
Hope to deserve the happinesse to see you  
Without a present: Then be pleas'd, great sir, (you  
T'accept from my hand what Heavens bounty gives  
This Crown, and these two Princes, so far happy  
That they are false your prisoners, under whom  
To be commanded is to live with freedom:  
This was the King of *Corduba*, and this  
The heire apparent of *Toledos* Kingdome.

K,

Ile heare thy full relation, but before it  
Let me embrace thee, and behold this forehead  
Where Love and *Mars* do sit enthron'd, and make thee  
Victorious in either of their wars.

R O.

Oh sir, how can I answer this discourse

To

## *The second Part*

To spare my modesty, sir, spare your favours  
And share the honours, as y' have done the labours  
Your souldiers as much as I procur'd  
This victory, tis just they should receive  
Part of the honour from your Majesty  
Both for their valour and fidelity,

K.

Their merit can be easily satisfied  
But for thy deeds there can be no rewards:  
Sure thou wert born to make all men ungratefull,  
Thy tongue's no lesse a conquerour then thine arme,  
But for my sake spare thy sweet eloquence,  
Else I shall be thy captive as are these  
But now recite the fortune of thy armes;  
No entertainment can be halfe so pleasant.

RO.

Sir (what soere it be) since you command it,  
Tis fit that I obey: Your rebels slain  
Or taken, and those Darers that oppos'd  
The current of your fortune quite defeated  
To make your name more glorious, I advanc'd  
My Army towards *Corduba*, which even then  
I had made sure of, if some timely succours  
Had not prevented me. This noble Prince  
Seeing it beleaguerd straitly; by his forces  
Thought to relieve it, but that hope being vain  
He like a wise Commander chang'd his purpose,  
And meant to try no valour but his owne:  
Then by a Herald sent he me a challenge  
Which easily my spirit gave consent to  
I named the place, where when we both were met,  
Many fierce blows were dealt, and sure the heavens  
Look'd pale to see the storms our anger made,  
Shine more in our wide looks than in their lightning  
Whilst men durst do, that which they durst not see  
Twas equally between us fought, untill

At



of the C I D.

At length your fortune gave me th' advantage,

S P H R.

Here, sir, your modesty betrayes your valour,  
I suffered by your strength not my mishap,  
You may vaunt freely what I can't deny.

R O.

This was the blow made Corduba to fall,  
After this Princes yielding their great thoughts  
Abated of their pride, and this fair Princess  
To whom I owe for her intelligence,  
Made the Town yours almost without resistance.

C E L.

Tis true great King, this woman, Nature's monster,  
By her base treachery betray'd my state,  
You have my goods, my scepter and my person;  
But look, sir, who it is that gives them you,  
See from what hand you do receive these presents,  
The same put her brother in these fetters,  
It is my sister, or some Devill rather,  
That took that name upon her to betray me.

S E R.

Leave to upbraid me thus, that name of sister  
Has bin the greatest stain upon my life;  
But you that stand so on the point of honour  
Was I us'd as a sister by you, rather  
Was I not treated as a slave? the name  
Away, I felt the thing: pray sir, believe not  
That out of any womanish impudencie  
I gave th' intelligence I am accused of;  
But when I captiv'd him, I freed my self  
From those more cruell chains, wherein his rage  
Shut up my will and free election,  
Designing me the object of my hate:  
Which when I saw, and that this haughty Prince  
Came from his country to my ravishment,  
Arm'd not with fair deserts, but soldiers

## The second Part

I thought I justly might to his violence  
Oppose my artifice, which was to render  
Unto his enemies his place of refuge,  
Which my designe I kept long in suspense,  
Till this more noble object took my heart,  
And made me perfect my intentions.

C I M.

I without doubt, his false heart does adore her. *Aside.*  
Can I then see my rivall, and yet I live ?

K.

When the wit's nimble, and the courage ready,  
A good successe still follows the designe,  
The businesse that halts forward is half lost.

S E R.

Sir, to neglect the execution,  
My courage, and my love were too important,  
I quickly was resolv'd, when love came in  
To finish up the plot my hate begun,  
This valiant *Cid* whose fame prevented him  
In my good thoughts, was of my enenvy  
Become the object of my best desires;  
His vertue conquered me, and had I not  
Been overcome I had not been so happy:  
For giving up my arms to such a conquest,  
In steed of my own losse I have got a prize,  
The honour of all souldiers: *Roderigo.*

I N.

Alas, what canst thou hope poor Lady now. *Aside.*  
Canst thou doubt yet whether he be engag'd.

R O

Madam, you put a double eye upon me,  
That having done me a courtesie so happy,  
You adde to it, so much of kinde respect,  
And believe, Madam, that occasion  
Will make me blest, which points out my obedience,  
What may I do to serve you, pray command me.

C I M.

of the C I D.

C I M.

What has she to desire, she has thy heart?

*Aside.*

S E R.

Ah sir, you can do all, and I de have all.

R O.

Madam, the King is here sole soveraigne,  
He only can give all.

K.

Which thou mayst promise,  
Such is thy merit as does challenge all,  
Freely dispose of my authority,  
And think I have done lesse then thou deserv'st.

S E R.

So great a favour, sir, I not desire  
The good I wish (great *Cid*) is in thy self,  
Which is the object my desires ayme at,  
And that sweet hope, which only makes me live.

R O.

I know not, Madam, upon what apparence  
You have conceiv'd this hope, I'm sure *Roderigo*  
Nere spoke to you about it.

C I M.

Oh, how finely!  
He carries it.

*Aside.*

I N.

Tis prettily dissembled.

*Aside.*

S E R.

Have you then, sir, forgot your promises,  
Is this the love, and are these the indearments  
You promis'd to the action I perform'd.

R O.

Who gave you that false hope.

S E R.

Your self,

R O.

Who I,  
I doubt it much.

B 2.

S E R.



## *The second Part*

S E R.

Oh Heavens, do you know  
This Letter?

R O.

Yes.

S E R.

Pray read it fir, and there  
You shall perceive the reasons of my hope.

R O.

I know well what I owe, and what I promis'd,  
You shall see Madam, I am not ungratefull,

S E R.

Oh then excuse my anger, my disdain  
Caus'd it, and not my will, I can be calm,  
Having my fear abated by those comforts  
You promis'd to my passion.

R O.

Your desires,  
Madam, exceed my power, but from me  
Expect all duty, and all courtesie  
That you could hope for, from a Gentleman,  
Or I know how to give.

S E R.

How faithlesse man?  
Do you fall back unto your first discourse?  
Thou paper which betraydst my heart at first  
Discover to his infamy thy secrets,  
And shew his breach of faith.

R O.

Let it be read  
He nere oppose it, and I sweare t'observe  
What ever that enjoyns.

K.

The thing you offer  
Seems reasonable, thou art just *Roderigo*  
By it we shall perceive your interest.

R O.

of the C I D.

R O.

Sir, if you please, I will be judg'd by it.

S E R.

And so will I.

K.

Then I shall do you justice.

C I M.

Here must I stand with patience to heare

*Aside.*

The sentence of my punishment.

I N.

From this,

*Aside.*

I must expect either to live or die.

*Seriffa* reads the Letter.

M A D A M,

**I**F your brother have so little sence both  
of his own blond and your beantie, that  
he had rather please himselfe in your affli-  
ctions, then his own duty, let mee entreat  
you to make good that bravery of Spirit  
which you mentioned to mee in your Let-  
ters; which is to leave him to his crueltie,  
letting him first know that you were sensi-  
ble of it, by the revenge you take. And  
then enter into the Victors Campe, where  
you shall make your owne conditions, and

The second Part  
finde an entertainment to your content  
by

Your most humble servant,

R O D E R I G O.

---

You understand the sence, sir, of these words,  
These are not terms that should make void a promise  
Am not I that *Seriffa*; you the victor,  
Did not I give you entrance into *Corduba*,  
And my own heart at once, and will you now  
Bereave me of the hope your self has rais'd  
Is this the great content you promis'd me:

R O.

What ist you can complain of Madam? who  
Durst be so insolent to do you hurt?  
Are you not heer in covert of that storm  
Which your fierce brother mean should overtake you?  
What could you hope more then this noble usage  
Did you suppose your eyes could conquer me,  
Alas, I am anothers; and when ere  
I change that object, I must think my self  
Led into blindnesse, and mistake of beauty.

S E R.

Oh do not change, but end my misery,  
Let my bloud quite deface this character,  
As it looks black already with thy crime,  
So let it blush to punish me for mine,  
Why stay'st thou? satisfie thy hate in me,  
Teare from my brest my love and heart together.

C E L.

How am I ravish'd with this sweet revenge,  
What pleasure tis to see thee in this case

Where



of the C I D.

Where thy best hope is to sit down with nothing,  
Now I ady you may triumph, though you weare not  
These fetters, you're no lesse a slave then I.

S E R.

What villain ?

K.

Fie, Madam, calme your anger.  
In the word of a King to both of you  
I promise a fair treatment, I am one  
That know to use a victory. Take you care  
That in their severall lodgings they want nothing  
That their state may requires; how ere they be  
My prisoners, I'll not bate their due respect  
Go *Roderigo* home unto thy father,  
I know he longs to see thee.

*Exeunt omnes præter Cimena, Infanta, Roderigo.*

R O.

I obey,

Pray, Madam, give me leave to do the duty  
I owe unto *Cimena*.

C I M.

To me sir?

Pray spare the labour, for you owe me none.  
Besides *Seriffa*, being vext already  
Has too much reason to complain of you,  
Though you committed not this last offence.

*She makes a courtſie, and goes out.*

R O.

What may the reason be she quits me so ?  
What crime have I committed? whats my fault?

I N.

I know not, but you see her cruelty,  
And what a little makes her to fly off;  
Perhaps y're pleas'd well with your punishment,  
Thou shouldst shew more of courage *Roderigo*  
And let her see that he who comes home victor

B 4

Should

## The second Part

Should receive better welcome, she is (me thinks)  
Some what too full of vanity.

R O.

Ah, Madam,  
I must not murmur though she be ungratefull,  
She is *Cimena*, and I cannot hate her,

I N.

But this thy too much goodnesse will betray thee,  
Thou mak'st thy constancie unhappy to thee.

R O.

Madam, you know where tis my duty calls me,  
Pray give me leave to wait upon my father. *Exit.*

I N.

Go; this was a pretext I know to leave mee,  
But I shall be reveng'd of this neglect  
When against all thy hopes of future joy  
The rigor of *Cimena* I employ. *Exit.*



## Act III. Scene I.

RODERIGO from CIME-  
NA's Lodging.

R O.



Hence-forth *Cimena* live for euer quiet,  
*Roderigo* shall no more be so unhappy  
As to disturbe your peace, since you  
deny him  
The sight of you he is content to suf-  
fer,

Not

*of the* C I D.

Not only want of that but all things else  
You being all to him, that he desir'd:  
Good heaven was there ever so much rigour  
Practis'd on any as on wretched me?  
Did I hope any other recompence  
Of all my services, my labours, watchings,  
To bring home victory? but that she should  
Crown um with her acceptance; and must I  
(Courted by all else) be by her despis'd  
Into whose arms I look'd to have bin receiv'd?  
Nor is her anger more apparant then  
The cause of it conceal'd, I am not worthy  
To know the reason of my banishment.  
Therefore farewell for ever cruell Mistris,  
Ile seek some place uninhabited by women,  
Where I may never see such shining eyes,  
As only light us to our miseries.

*Exit.*



SCENE II.

KING, th'INFANTA, SERIFF-  
FA, DON SANCHO,  
DON DIEGO.

K.

BUrr, Madam, spare Roderigo's innocence,  
His vertues, and your worth are both too great  
To suffer such a stain.

BS

IN,



## The second Part

I N.

Think of it Madam,  
And call not him a traitour, but your heart  
Which entertain'd a love that was not sent  
You were too credulous, not he perfidious,  
What you desir'd y<sup>e</sup> were willing to believe,  
And knowing the command of your own beauty  
With the advantage of your birth and fortune,  
I cannot blame you if you thought that love  
Which was but civill application:  
But now you have found your errour, let your courage  
Finde scorn for him that has not love for you.

S E R.

How easily the whole Counsaile the sick, *Asides*  
And yet they have not hit my true disease.

K.

My sister Madam, tels you right, desires  
That are not honorable ought to be short,  
Your quality which your beauty only equals,  
Invites a higher match then *Roderigo*.

S E R.

A conquerour is next unto a King,  
Since hees deny'd me, how can my hopes look higher?

K.

*Don Sancho* wait the Princessse to her lodgings,  
And see that she command my Court as freely  
As I my self.

S A N.

Your Graces humble creature.

*Exit.*

K.

*Don Diego*, is the *Cid* contented with  
The offer which I make him of my sister?

D. D I E.

You are the King sir, he your humble vassall,  
He could not be my sonne if disobedient  
To you that are his master, and I finde

His

*of the C I D.*

His inclination ready, only feare  
And modesty keeps in his strong desires.

K.

Tis not his feare but Mistris which restrains him;

D. D I E.

He will forget her sooner then his duty  
Of which the Count can give you the best proof,  
For though at that time he ador'd *Cimena*,  
Yet ventur'd he to lose her for my sake  
(His honour and his duty so commanding)  
He can love well tis true, but obey better.

K.

I never doubled his obedience  
Of which his excellent vertue does assure me :  
Ide have (you sister) to accept the Courtship  
Which he shal make to you, and if you aske  
A reason why, know I will have it so;  
Though fortune have not blest him with a Crown,  
And though his greatnesse be within himself,  
Yet there propitious heaven has shew'd its power,  
Heaping its richest treasures on his person,  
Hi heart is valours proper spheare, his soule  
The throne of vertue where she sits and governs,  
Directing all his actions to honour;  
These rare perfections must be the objects  
Sister, of your desires.

I N.

Such a command  
Makes my obedience ready to love vertue,  
When you that are my King requires it of me  
I not to give consent to hard condition,  
Tis your part to command, mine to obey.

K.

Tis well, it only rests now that *Cimena*  
Comply with my desires I will no longer  
Burn to so little purpose, my affection

Hastes

## *The second Part*

Hastes to its end, there can be no content  
T'approach a fire that will consume, not cherish,  
I am resolv'd to have her, as for love  
Which to the ~~Cid~~ she promis'd, I have power  
T'absolve her of it; Princes render lawfull  
What ever pleases them: respects become  
The people, not a King: send for her sister  
And tell her I would see her in your lodgings,  
To treat of something that concerns her nearly,  
Tis wearisome to live thus in desire,  
This day enjoying her, I'll quench my fire. *Exit.*



### SCENE III.

SERIFFA, DON  
SANCHE.

D. SAN.

BEauty is loves object, Madam and I were hard  
T'approach such flames and keep a frozen heart,  
Dull souls have eyes lent 'em to see their way,  
But men of courage to behold what's faire.  
I pardon divinest Lady if my spirit  
Made me to love where I should have ador'd  
And though you do estrange me from your heart  
Envy me not the glory of my sufferings.

SER.

*Don Sancho cannot be so young a Courtier*

*To*



of the C I D.

To think that any Lady can despise  
A noble love bounded with due respects,  
We have no other witness of our beauty  
And heaven defend that we should hate our lovers.

D. S A N.

Accept my vows then, Madam, with the temper  
Of one that seem'd to love; and let my service  
Be entertain'd at least with faire acceptance.

S E R.

How can I do that without injury  
Either to you or my own modesty?  
To cherish you in what you cannot have  
Were to augment your punishment: to give  
A heart which is not mine, in me were falshood,  
And no lesse wrong to you should you receive it  
Then to its proper owner.

D. S A N.

But he seems  
(As one that does not know his happinesse)  
To be insensible of what your goodnesse  
Has offerd him: why should you cast away  
That whereof Kings would be ambitious?

S E R.

Ay me!

D. S A N.

That sigh the greatest Monarch scarce deserves  
Much lesse, a subject, thrust him from your thoughts  
And let some nobler love take up his room.

S E R.

Take heed *Don Sancho*, you begin to forfeit  
Your first pretentions, I must not think,  
You can love one whom you believe to have  
The easie power to dislodge a love  
Which she had once receiv'd; but hence forth know  
My flame runs up into a point so small  
As cannot be divided into parts.

D.

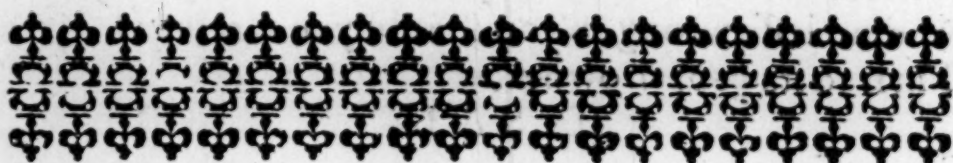
## The second Part

D. S A N.

Not though there be division of your hearts  
The *Cid* I shame to say't, neglects you Madam:

S E R.

If he did not I were more miserable  
This now seems strange to you, but when I shall  
Relate that to you which in part concerns you,  
As you are Favourite to the King your Master,  
And one that should advise him to be just,  
You will perceive, that what I utterd of  
Love to the *Cid* was to secure my self.  
But heres my brother, lets withdraw a little.



## SCENE IV.

SPHERANTI, CELIMANT.

S P H E.

Is not this fight enough deare *Celimant*,  
To choak that fire up within my brest  
Which I too long have nourish'd to my ruine.  
For an ungratefull, and pe. fidious woma,  
Was it too little to disdain a Prince,  
And run into the hands of one she knew not  
Unlesse having quitted him, for whom his worth  
And valour pleaded she become the prey  
Of a y that will seize her, see *Don Sancho*  
Has made her his already, and shall I  
Love where I am so rivall'd, no my heart

If

of the C I D.

If thou must be a captive, let thy fetters  
Be such as need not shame the wearer.

C E L.

Friend,

Which name I rather chuse to call you by  
Then brother, (since you cannot be her husband  
With safety of your honour) could you think  
That she can spare her modesty, whose falshood  
Spar'd not her brother, and her Country too,  
No sir, believe, she that is base her self  
Cannot love vertue in an other person :  
For how should she love that she never knew ;  
Heer then put out your flame, and think *Spheranti*  
That this conformity of our lives and fortune  
Which makes me share in all your passions  
May link our hearts so fast we shall not need  
Such an alliance to confirme the knot.

S P.

J know not friend whether J be more happy  
In losing of my love, then in the finding  
Th'assurance of thy friendship; now let fortune  
Look well or ill upon me in thy love  
Ile summe up all my blisse, nor can J think  
Brave *Celimant*, will professe lesse to me.

C E L.

Which to confirme, no ceremonious oath  
The band of doubtfull, and inconstant souls  
Shall J now take; thee friendship, J invoke,  
When J do leave this Prince; let me be left  
Without a friend, J and without a name.

S P.

J know my father at this time endeavours  
My liberty, (if at least J can call  
This thraldom, where J am so well receiv'd)  
But I'me resolv'd to run your course of fortune,  
My freedom joyn'd with yours is welcome to me

Else



## The second Part

Else a worse torment then that bondage was  
Your sisters rigour did impose.

CEL.

No more

Deare friend of her; come, come forget her name.

S P.

Since she could be so thanklesse to disdain,  
The man that quit his liberty for her,  
Which when the *Cid* did offer, I refus'd  
To follow her, who follow all men else  
And that her crime has merited my hate  
I have shook off that chain; but finde my self  
Caught in another which thou dost not know  
Tis such as makes me feare my liberty  
I cannot go from hence, and think I'm free.

CEL.

You are in love it seems.

S P.

Yes *Celimant*.

I am in love, and as much in despaire.

CEL.

Is there a beauty can oppose your Courtship,  
What quality is higher then your own?  
Why should you then despaire?

S P.

I but the horreur

Of being vanquish'd makes me think my self  
Unworthy to look up to such a height.

CEL.

Consider that your fortune was to yield  
His to overcome, yet did you long dispute it  
And bravely too; what can you feare *Spherantid*?

S P.

To be too rash

CEL.

To be too rash, let hope

Re-

of the C I D:

Remove those thoughts, and you will not displease  
A vertuous love was never odious. (her,  
But tell me fir, what name has this your Mistris,  
Honour my freedome with this trust,

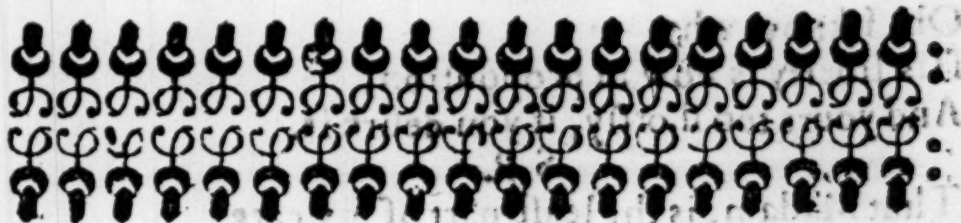
S P.

Th' *Infanta*,

Deere *Celimant* has snatcht my heart, and though  
My eyes were caught in their first motion to her,  
Yet durst I not discover it till now;  
But such force has my flame, it will not be  
Contain'd within the limits of my heart  
But must break out to thee and suddainly  
To her, which if displeasing is my death.

C E L.

Hope better fir, I am your caution  
She shall receive the offer of your *vowes*.



SCENE V.

Enter DON ARIAS.

BUt here's *Don Arias*.

D. ARI.

The King fir askes for you.

C E L.

Ile wait him fir.

S P.

Tis strange he should be sent for and not I.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE

*The second Part*



SCENE VI.

Enter INFANTA.

IN.

What, all alone?

S P.

I Madam, *Celimant*  
Is sent for to the King.

IN.

Oh, I know why  
His liberty is now in proposition,  
And yours too shortly, if you desire it.

S P.

That Madam, is the least part of my care  
I am so farre from wishing it, I feare it.

IN.

This is a Courtship sir, I understand not  
Were not *Toledo* better than *Sivilla* to you.

S P.

Madam, th'effect will make you see it is not.

IN.

Well, we shall hope to see it then; adiew.

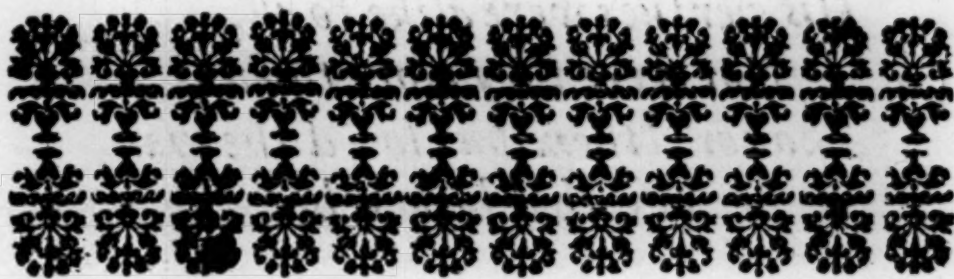
S P.

My duty, Madam, will not give me leave  
To let you go alone, do not deny me  
The honour to wait on you.

SCENE



of the C I D:



SCENE VII.

C I M E N A. Page.

C I M.

What said *Roderigo*, boy? when he departed.

P A G E.

Nothing, but in his looks one might discover,  
Amazement joyn'd with grief to be excluded.

C I M.

Excluded, whence? not from my heart I'me sure  
There he makes good the place he ever had,  
Were it a easie to remove him thence  
As from my presence, J should feare no rivall,  
Take your Lute boy, and sing the song J gave you,  
It sutes my present state.

The Boy sings.

'T Was not his person nor his parts,  
Though nere so fam'd that wonne me,  
He lov'd, he said, which I believ'd;  
And that faith has undone me.

I

*The second Part*

*His vertues were alike to all,  
Nor were they more to me,  
I honor'd them, but lov'd the man,  
Because that he was he.*

*Who since he has his love forgon,  
And is himself no more:  
I love him not as he is now,  
But as he was before.*

*CIM.*

*Tis true I must still love him, the remembrance  
That I was once *Roderigo's* only object,  
Is that I cherish now.*



*SCENE VIII.*

*DON. ARIAS.*

*D. ARI.*

*M*Adam, the King  
Stayes for you to come to him.

*CIM.*

*The King ! where ?*

*Why*

*of the C I D.*

Why would he speake with me?

*D. ARI.*

I cannot tell,

But he expects you on the Infantes side.

*C I M.*

Tell him I come, I know what he would have

But all his power shall not shake my firmnesse,

In vain he tryes to winne me by his greatnesse.

What is a throne to me that seeks a grave?

I me sure he has no power ore my will,

He that first took my heart shall keep it still. *Exeunt.*



*Act IV. Scene I.*

*SPHERANTI, INFANTA.*

*SP.*



Adam, tis true, I may have bin too rash

To offer you a heart unworthy of you

But yet my fault is such as cannot give

Consent to any low thoughts of re-

pentance;

And if my service find no other grace,

Let me have leave to cherish my attempt,

And let me love my self for loving you,

*Then*



## *The second Part*

Then if you shall deny your presence to me,  
My soule may do the office of mine eyes  
Which may contemplate what these cannot see,  
And if my love cannot appeare from thence,  
From this you shall perceive my obedience.

I N.

Though I am better read in my own faults,  
Then to believe J could charm any man;  
Yet for your sake, because you'le have it so,  
J am content to think you love me sir,  
And J am sensible of what J owe you,  
But you must know that J depend upon  
A brother to whose will J am confin'de,  
So that J am not Mistris of my heart,  
Nor dare I hazard it without his leave,  
Therefore to warrant your pretensions  
Make your addresse to him, till then J dare not  
Be known to entertain you for a suitor.

S P H.

Tis fit J be obedient to this law  
Which is most reasonable, but may J be  
As sure of your favour, as his leave.

I N.

Your vertue, sir, will be your best assurance,  
My love proceeds not freely, but deserts  
Must challenge it.

S P.

Kissing your faire hands, Madam,  
J go to make my way to blisse or ruine.

*Exit.*

I N.

What shall J do, my heart, this Prince is lovely,  
So is the *Cid*, but he lesse tractable,  
*Spheranti* is more soft and courteous,  
And yet not of lesse spirit then the other,  
Let *Roderigo* then endear his Mistris,  
And since that love is th'only price of love,

*Let*

of the C I D.

Let him that offers his, have his reward,  
Alas, what did J say? how can J leave  
That object, which rules all within my heart?  
*Roderigo's* free possessor there, and yet  
Me thinks, there is a room left for *Spheranti*.  
What shall J do then in this labyrinth?  
Shall J to oblige *Cimena*, quit the *Cid*.  
No I'll not leave him, but with patience wait  
The pleasure of my brother and my fate. *Exit:*



SCENE II.

KING, CELIMANT,  
DON ARIAS.

KING.

*Don Sancho*, sir, and *Arias* do wait you  
With the conditions of your liberty,  
They are but gentle ones, that you forgive  
Your sister, in the recompence of which  
Your ransom is remitted.

CEL.

Greatest Monarch,  
Who may dispose my life, you know that here,  
I am no less without a will than power  
I must obey, what ever you impose,  
But yet her crime joyn'd with the insolence  
In facing it is such, that giving me  
My Kingdome back with her, is worse to me  
Then to live here your captive, with what pleasure  
Can I behold that power re-deliver'd

Which

## The second Part

Which with my enemies I must receive.

K.

Ile quit you of that feare, in taking care  
To keep *Seriffa* in the terms of duty  
You shall command her wholly, but at present  
Till you be better satisfied, her fight  
Shall not offend you, since her love has caus'd  
The treason which you blame her for, I mean  
To keep her fast in fetters, untill love  
And *Hymen* be the executioners  
Of the sweet sentence which I will pronounce.

CEL.

Such is her want of worth, the Prince you meant  
To joyne her to, despises her, and truly  
I should believe him to be worth my pity,  
Of whom so base an object were consider'd.

K.

Sir, your too quick resentment makes you speak so,  
But leave that care to me, there is a Lord  
Within my Court, of birth as great as any,  
But vertue much beyond his quality,  
Which does adore your sister, though it be true  
That he has mingled with his love some boldnesse,  
Since he can't plead any descent from Kings,  
Yet if our spirit bids us despaire nothing,  
This noble Lover must obtain his wishes,  
In a word tis *Don Sancho* that I mean.

CEL.

Sir, I beseech you think how great the distance  
Is between their conditions, *Don Sancho*  
Has much worth in him, but he is no Prince,  
And though *Seriffa* has disgrac'd her birth,  
She's nere the lesse descended from a King.

K.

*Don Sancho*, sir, is all you can desire  
Being my Favourite, I will advance

His



of the C I D.

His fortune to that height as shall deserve,  
Seriffa's and your love: but did you know  
How much he has employ'd his favour with me  
For your advantage, you would recompence  
His care with this alliance, but if all  
That he has done, can't make you flexible,  
Yet heare me that am King, and do conjure you  
To love your sifter, and confirme this match,  
A Kings entreaties must have no deniall.

C E L.

Sir, I am yours, and since this marriage  
Is welcome to your thoughts: *Don Sancho* may  
In *Celimant* meet a brother, and *Seriffa*  
Being look'd on by me, through you and him,  
Shall see J can forget what she has done.

K.

Now you oblige me, and this clemencie  
Shews whence you are descended: how J love  
This sweetnesse in you, trust me your sifter  
(Now J may tell you so) will well deserve  
This favour of you; such a beautie, fir,  
Ought not to dwell clouded in your dislikes:  
But you are for your businesse: *Arias*,  
See he finde no delay, and call *Roderigo*  
My sifter too; I know they are without,  
So good successe when J speak for another  
Makes me hope all things in my own behalf:  
But J must change my countenance: *Roderigo*.

C S C E N E

*The second Part*



SCENE III.

The KING, RODERIGO,  
INFANTA.

**A**LL *Spain* from thy brave hand has felt that peace  
And quiet, which thy Prince cannot obtain,  
This work is wanting to fill up thy glory,  
Therefore to make thy victory more perfect,  
For my sake undertake this enemy,  
That would cut from thy valor half thy conquest.

R O.

How fir? dares any, who may be so blest  
As to live under your just laws, shake off  
Their due obedience? what vain insolence  
Dares lift it self against so sweet a power :  
Name him fir, to me, that I may destroy him.

K:

There's none can do't *Roderigo*,

R O.

None fir, Why?

K.

Tis love that little tyrant which rules all,  
The enemy which makes this warre upon me,  
Regards not majesty, but as a victor  
Triumphs already in my captiv'd heart,  
Which has consented to its own defeat

*of the C I D.*

So much that I am on the brink of ruine,  
If *Roderigo's* hand sustain me not.

R O.

If your ease sir, depend upon my service,  
You may be sure of my readinesse,  
Only sir, let me know what you desire?

K.

Oh, *Roderigo*!

R O.

Why do you sigh, sir?

Ist that you doubt of my obedience?

Or that my power is lesse then your desires?

K.

By no means *Roderigo*, but I feare

Lest some ill fortune, stead of putting me

Into the haven, cast me further from't,

And lest the difficulty should change thy courage,

And leave me to my self in this fierce storm!

R O.

My courage is exempted from such feare:

K.

I'me well assur'd of thy faith and valour,

And yet in this I feare, because thou must

Combat thy self, subdue thy own desires,

Conquer thy own deare passions to make

Thy self a sacrifice to my affections.

R O.

Your Majesty may dispose then of my life.

K.

Tis not my purpose, nor for all *Casile*

Shall it be said that I wish'd any good

Which must be purchast at so deare a rate.

R O.

What can I do then for you.

K.

Thou mayst put



## The second Part

An end to all my pain in quitting of  
*Cimena*: do not start, they are her charms  
By which I'me caught and suffer, nor can I  
Believe though now she slight my offerd love  
Any thing else withholds her, but the thought  
Of being thine.

R. O.

Oh sir, assure your selfe,  
If that be all, and that your Majestie  
Vouchsafe to cast your eyes upon this beautie,  
I shall not be so rash to hope that good,  
Which has the honour to please you my Prince.  
In this sir, you may free me from suspect,  
My love is (much indeed) more my respect,  
And howsoere my heart be link'd to hers,  
I owe more to my Master then my Mistris.

K.

Oh royall soule, and truly generous,  
Great *Cid*, this instant thou hast made me happie:  
Now I am King indeed; for what thou giv'st me,  
I prize above the value of a Crown,  
In lieu of which I mean to give thee one,  
Behold th' *Infanta*, whom I freely offer:  
Tis fit, the state, which owes all to thy valour,  
Should make thee a great sharer in her fortune.

I N.

Every thing smiles upon me, blest effects  
O're take my wishes, what could I hope more?  
Love is made for me to my hand, *Cimena*  
Ingag'd, to which *Roderigo* gives consent.

*Aside*

K.

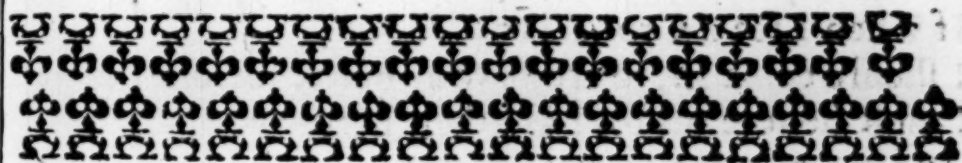
Thou dost not answer me.

R. O.

Excuse me sir,  
I am your subject, and you are my King,  
Tis not a Kingdome, which I wish or hope for

of the C I D.

To serve you is the honour I aspire to,  
Obaying you, I learn how to command,  
And since——But see *Cimena*.



SCENE IV.

C I M E N A.

K I N G.

OH, Madam,  
The date now of your crueltie is out,  
Your coldnesse, and your hate no more in season;  
*Roderigo* for my sake has quitted you,  
And if he had an interest in your person,  
He has now put me in full possession of it.

C I M.

*side* Sir, *Roderigo's* free and may renounce me,  
I have no scepters to bestow upon him,  
But yet I think my birth is not so mean,  
As to live under his command; A slave  
I am not yet, and my affections  
Are not to be inclin'd and rule by his,  
Since greatnesse is the thing, not love he ayms at,  
Let him have his desires, I shan't be jealous  
Though love do wound him with more pleasing darts  
So that the tyrant which shall end his sufferings,  
Do not put me on new, nor that his great  
Felicitie be purchast at the rate  
Of my lost honour, or my libertie.

## The second Part

R O.

Madam, think better of the man which loves you,  
To get you happinesse I quit mine own:  
And to obtain the soveraigne power for you,  
I make my affection stoop unto my duty,  
If when I see a Crown is offerd you,  
I should come in, to crosse your better fortune,  
I must believe my love did then betray you,  
And had relation to my self not you.

C I M.

This *Roderigo* were a faire pretext,  
If both our thoughts were levell'd at one height,  
But let not any right that I can plead  
Divert your deare ambition, mount upon  
A throne, and taste its sweetnesse, as for me  
I am so farre from blaming this your change,  
You cannot finde more pleasure then I praise,  
T'applaud your act; you see sir, I submit  
To the same laws your self has made.

I N.

Oh, heavens!

*Aside.*

How am I faln from all my hopes at once,  
He is *Roderigo* still, and the *Cimena*.

K.

You are resolv'd then Madam, to continue  
In the same cruelty? my love I see  
Is uselesse, and my vows superfluous:  
Yet think I am a King, and can command.  
What you deny my love, you'll give my power,  
And since I can't perswade, I must constrain.

C I M.

Sir since my presence does but move your anger  
Suffer me to retire I beseech you. *Exit.*

K.

See *Roderigo*, how my love is answered,  
She flies my presence; leaving not so much

As



of the C I D.

As a kinde look behinde her, if by this  
She thinks to coole the fire which burns my heart,  
She is deceiv'd; for this her suddainnesse  
Does not restrain but quicken more my flame,  
Tell me was ever King so rudely treated?

R O.

This her judicious and wise retreat,  
Being no effect of spight or arrogance,  
Should not excite your anger: sir you know  
A modest feare keeps subjects in restraint,  
When they are neer their King, and in that sex  
The dazzling lustre of a Princes person,  
Strikes more respect into their hearts then love.

R.

Why, was I made a King then? if my quality  
Must crosse my dearest wishes, let me be  
A subject, any thing, so I have her:  
Some kinde fate rob me of my crown and scepter,  
And you shall see that I will blesse your rigour,  
If in exchange you'll give me but one heart:  
*Cimena* limits my ambition,  
On her depends either my life or death,  
Then if thou ever hadst a thought to please me,  
*Roderigo* winne *Cimena* to my love,  
Accomplish what thou hast begun, and try  
To melt the ice which circles in her heart,  
Or if it be a fire, oh turn it this way,  
From thee I must expect all my content:

Exit.

R O.

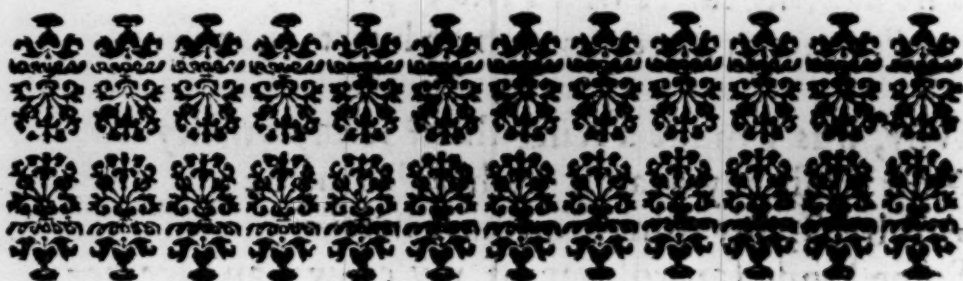
And I from you sir, all my punishment:  
Did ever any mischief equall this,  
I'me made the confident of my own rivall,  
To my self faithlesse, true to him that wrongs me,  
My duty and my love run contraries,  
One bindes me to obay a wilfull Prince,  
Th'other my Mistris, whom my heart adores,

C 4

If

## The second Part

If I obey my love, I get his hate,  
And if my dutie, I must lose her love,  
But that I may however, since the King  
Has power to take her from me when he will:  
Then let me serve my King which I have promis'd,  
But that *Cimena* claims as well as he ;  
On both sides thus engag'd, and thus distracted.  
*Roderigo*, what canst thou resolve to do,  
Since with thy love or dutie thou must part  
Give him thy life, and let her have thy heart. *Exit:*



## Act V. Scene I.

RODERIGO, CIMENA.

CIM.

TH' *Infanta's* lodgings are that way.

R O.

Madam,

CIM.

You are mistaken, sir, I am *Cimena*,  
He that courts titles must forget a name  
That sounds not *Princesse*, nor would I divert  
The full stream of your hopes: here lies my way.

R O.

Madam, *Cimena*, stay and heare.

CIM.

*of the C I D.*

C I M.

My ruine.

R O.

One word.

C I M.

Pray let me go.

R O.

The last I mean

To speak to any of your sex : what rigor

Is this you use, did ever any yet

Refuse to be a witnessse to a Will?

C I M.

Was ever any cruelty like this ?

Ah *Roderigo*, is it not enough,

First to betray me to your love, and then

Leave me, unlesse to shake my resolution:

You set upon me with new batterie,

I cannot heare and live.

R O.

I do not come

To urge ought in my own behalf, my dutie

And promise made to him, who may command me,

Forces this from me, can you love the King ?

C I M.

Can you be *Roderigo*, and demand it.

R O.

I have no more to say then, but to take

My last farewell, perhaps when I'm remov'd

Your dutie or ambition will perswade

What from your servant is not credited,

And when by this your obstinacie (as sure

It must fall out so) my poore life grows forfeit,

You will too late repent the losse of both.

A lover and a Crown.

C I M.

Tis vainly urg'd.

C 5

How



## The second Part

How can I lose a Lover, when he first  
Renounces me? a Crown I never had,  
And if I never seek it, as I shall not,  
Where is my losse? but rather where's thy courage.  
Ah *Roderigo* must the feare of death  
Only come in to make some small pretence  
For leaving me, you did not use to be  
Frighted at such a name.

R O.

Nor must you think  
That I am now, yet would I live to see  
*Cimena* in that lustre with her vertues  
Ever design'd her to, for me I think  
Nothing can adde unto my present state  
More happinesse then to have been the ground  
Where on my Mistris would erect her glory.

C I M.

And can you think *Cimena* will go lesse,  
While you discourse thus, you but teach my duty,  
The honour of our love must not be yours  
More then mine own, I have as great a share  
In it as you, and should it come to suffering  
I can as well expect to see you great  
As my self miserable; which must be so  
If fortune once divide us.

R O.

Can our faith  
Be so rewarded? heavens, where is your justice?  
If we must needs be sever'd; why to both  
Gave you an equall minde, and thoughts alike?

C I M.

That being parted, we might be more neere,  
For they that love alike are always one,  
Since but the sight nought can distinguish them.

R O.

These mysteries *Cimena*, are not strange

Unto

*of the C I D.*

Unto our loves, in which there has not been  
Any thing known, or easie, yet me thinks,  
We might finde out a way for intercourse.

C I M.

Thy love is too materiall *Roderigo*,  
I could be satisfied with thy Idea;

R O.

And I with thine, but is it not some pleasure  
To stand thus, and to gaze on one another?

C I M.

Go *Roderigo*, for I feel within me  
Since this thy stay, some thing, that prompts me to  
Desire thy company, which must be fatall  
To both of us; adieu, and think we may  
Be sever'd yet continue still our selves. *Exit,*

R O.

Our selves! am I *Roderigo*, or has she  
Bereft me of my spirit, can she brave  
The majesty of Kings secur'd within  
Her own firme constancy, and must I tremble,  
If the Kings will have not the wish'd successe?  
I ought him duty, and I have perform'd it,  
I've offerd with my life all my desires,  
Yet though I give, I may refuse to take,  
He cannot force me to a new affection,  
Or make me love her lesse, then she does mee,  
In other things he rules, in this I'm free. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE

*The second Part*



SCENE II.

DON SANCHO,  
SERIFFA.

D. SAN:

MAdam believe, I could not justifie  
The love I did pretend, if in this businesse  
I should preferre my passion before  
Your honour and content, I heare your brother  
The King has reconcil'd to you; it rests  
I let him know how much he owes to justice.

SER.

But as you do it, spare my modesty,  
I would not be an offer, but his choice.

D. SAN.

As you have given credit to my faith,  
In this distrust not my discretion,  
It is your honour which I seek, to which  
I made my love submit, and can you think  
I will not now preserve it, I am here  
T'attend the King as sent for, and shall use  
All opportunities to do you service,  
Please but your Highnesse to retire.

SER.

Bequeathing to thy care, the hopes of all  
My future happinesse.

*Exit.*

D. SAN.

Your Highnesse servant.

SCENE





SCENE III.

KING, CELIMANT,  
DON SANCHE.

KING.

IN this sir, I confesse, *Spheranti* has  
Oblig'd our Family, the Prince is noble,  
And I could wish my sister would embrace  
The love he offers, what I can conferre,  
He may be sure of: but you know th' *Infanta*  
Is promis'd *Roderigo*, to whose valour  
She has been long a debt, and yet this businesse  
Is not arriv'd so farre as to cut off  
This noble Rivals hopes, sometimes a moment  
Alters the state of things; a Ladies minde  
Is not lesse changable: tell him from me  
He shall have all assistance.

CEL.

Tis the summe  
Of his desires, your Majestie wi'l pardon  
Th' abruptnesse of my parting, he's my friend  
And such a happinesse he longs to heare  
As much as I to tell him.

K.

Your own time

You may command brave *Celimant*: *Don Sancho*  
This Prince has royall thoughts & more your friend,  
Then you could hope.

D.

## The second Part

D. S A N.

Your Majesty still puts  
Fresh obligations on your humble vassall,  
I am your creature, and the Prince through you,  
Looking on me, may happily bestow  
His grace upon me as I am your servant,  
Though otherwise I be not worth his thought.

K.

This modesty becomes thee, and sets off  
Thy vertues which I cherish; in reward  
Of which, and for thou hast been still an aid  
To my desires, I have assisted thine,  
The love thou mad'st to *Cordaba's Infanta*,  
I have tane notice of, and though another  
Might suffer in the like attempt, in thee  
I've not dislik'd it, but commend thy choice,  
She is as great, in beauty as in birth.

D. S A N.

She is an object for which mighty Kings  
Being rivals should take arms, such excellence  
Was never meant to be attain'd with ease.

K.

You speak sir, like a lover, but *Don Sancho*  
What would he say, that should be made the owner  
Of this rare beauty by consent of all?

D. S A N.

That fortune had left nothing to confer,  
Being undone in this, hope cannot look  
So high.

K.

She shall be thine, nay more, she is.

D. S A N.

Leave me not now my faith and honesty.  
For I had nere more need of your assistance.

K.

Thou dost not answer, has thy suddain joy

Surj

of the C I D.

Surpriz'd thy senses, and shut up thy speech?

D. S. A. N.

I must confesse, I'me ravish'd with this offer;  
And on my knees in signe of gratitude  
I here restore her to you.

K.

Dost thou mock,  
My courtesie, or is it madnesse in thee?  
Return unto thy self.

D. S. A. N.

Your favours, sir,  
Have come so thick upon me, that my thanks  
Are still ore taken, only now my fortune,  
Has given me leave to shew my gratitude,  
This Princeesse whom you offer I adore,  
But dare not love, nor any but your self.

K.

Thou' mak'st me wonder, how can she concern me?

D. S. A. N.

In justice, sir, she is your wife, if contracts  
Can stand in force with Princes, by your father,  
In your minority, with her a match  
Was made and ratifide, of which *Don Diego*  
Cannot be ignorant, nor *Don Arias*,  
Who did transact the businesse.

L.

Some such thing  
I heard, but have forgotten, my *Cimena*  
Calls back my thoughts and fixes them on her;  
Beside she lov'd the *Cid*, and for his sake  
Betray'd her Country and her brother.

D. S. A. N.

True,  
She did, but not for him: had you great sir,  
But heard the story of her love, and how  
It grew up in her fancy, since the time

The



## The second Part

The King her father mention'd first your name  
To her yet infant apprehension,  
And gave your picture to her, you would say  
Love entring by degrees, gathers his strength  
From small beginnings, but makes sure his hold.  
In fine, your Majestie has been the object,  
For whom she has despis'd the Prince *Spheranti*.  
Endur'd her brothers fury, and at length  
To colour her desires, made the occasion  
Of *Roderigo's* being there, the means  
To bring her to your Court, and acted that  
Unto the *Cid*, she truly meant to you:  
Feigned love is often better shew'd then true.

K.

I must confesse my self a debtor to her,  
But yet *Cimena* is my choice, the Princeesse  
Consulted well for her own modestie,  
And no lesse for her good, when she made you  
Her speaker, I shall think on't: call *Don Diego*,  
My sister and *Seriffa*, to them all  
I have to say, Intreat the faire but cruell,  
*Cimena* come, and *Roderigo* too.  
I shall dispose of them: how unhappy *Exit San.*  
Are Princes that must love by others reason,  
And not their own affections, this Princeesse  
Is faire and loves me, so is my *Cimena*,  
But she abhors me; should I sacrifice  
To fame, *Seriffa* must be mine, but if  
To love, *Cimena*; one of these I'm led to  
By reason, to the other forc'd by love:  
Must a Prince suffer violence? he must  
Or else imprison them that offer it,  
(His wilde desires) there being no other course,  
But to submit to reason or to force.

SCENE

of the C I D:



SCENE IV.

All the Actors, the INFANTA and  
CIMENA on one side; RODERIGO,  
CELMANT, and SPHERANTI on the other.

BUT here they are: sister, I am resolv'd  
This day to see you married; and to make  
Your joy more perfect, I shall give you leave  
To choose your husband: the Prince of Toledo  
Courts you with such a love as nought can equal  
But his perfections, which you must honour,  
As well as he your beauty: yet *Roderigo*  
Is for himself so much to be considered,  
That we can hardly finde a Mistress for him,  
Which may deserve his vertues; both of them  
Out-weigh your merits, yet since equally  
They make an offer of their service to you,  
Declare which is the object of your choice.

IN.

I cannot, sir, believe my self so happy,  
As to have either of em for my husband:  
But if they do submit to my desires,  
Being both equal, I have no election.

K.

They both adore you, and on this assurance

You

## *The second Part*

You may distinguish of their love.

I N.

How, both.

I doubt it much.

K.

If you do not believe me,

From their own voice I shall confirm it to you,

S P.

Yes divine beauty from my heart I speak,

That heart which your fair eyes have set on fire,

The light of which may shew you how I love.

And if I lose my hope, I lose my life.

K.

Can you doubt yet of his affection?

And Roderigo sure will say as much.

R O.

'Tis true great King, all men adore the Princess,

She has such universall power o're hearts,

She can't be seen by any, and not lov'd,

But here's the difference between my love

And theirs, they live with hope, I with despair.

K.

What robs thee of thy hope?

R O.

Love.

K.

Speak more clearly,

'Tis without reason that thou sayst: can love

Take thy hope from thee, when it gives it thee?

R O.

Then when I love, my hope forsakes me quite.

K.

But now it does restore what then it took.

R O.

In doing so it keeps me further from't.

K.



*of the C I D:*

K.

These terms are too obscure, I can't conceive em:

R O.

Time and my constancie will make it plain

K.

But I would know their meaning at this present.

R O.

Th' effect will quickly tell you.

K.

What effect.

R O.

My death.

K.

Thy death, who can cause it?

R O.

*Cimena*, sir.

K.

*Cimena*, thou hast yielded her to me.

R O.

It was your will prescrib'd that Law unto me,

I am your subject sir, and you my King.

K.

Though you be so, I never had intent

To do you wrong, to do my self a pleasure;

Thou knowst how deare thy person is to me,

And that my sister is thy valours prize,

Will you refuse her your affection.

R O.

I have not, sir, ambition enough

To look so high: pray sir, regard not me,

But leave me to my self, possesse *Cimena*;

In your love let her drown the memory

Of mine, I am your subject, you my King.

K.

Well then since you refuse my profferd honours,

And that my sister cannot touch your heart,

My

## The second Part

My promises are disingag'd for me,  
I shall accept *Cimena*, and this Princeesse  
You are content to part with, are you not?  
What do you fix upon?

R O.

On what I ought,  
I am your subject sir, and you my King.

K.

*Spheranti*, if my sister be your choice,  
So that your father will give his consent,  
I freely shall give mine.

S P.

Your Majestie  
Shall quickly see that cleerd, I know my father  
Will be well satisfied, when he shall heare  
That I have joyn'd the Kingdoms of *Toledo*  
And *Sevill* by a match: but may I Madam  
Receive this happinesse from your consent?

I N.

The King has made you, sir, disposer of me,  
And what he chooses answers my desires.

K.

Th'art silent *Roderigo*, what dost think?

R O.

That she could hardly have a braver Prince,  
Nor he hope more then her.

K.

And you *Cimena*,  
Will you not put an end unto my sufferings,  
Will you be still obdurate to your King?

C I M.

Sir, I have no other faith then what I have given,  
You know your father made me weare these bonds,  
Which only death can break.

K.

My constancie

Shall

*of the C I D.*

Shall overcome thy stubbornesse, I know  
The ground and cause of thy averſion,  
Thou haſt ſome feeble hope & enjoy the *Cid*,  
But that's without apparance; his own mouth  
Has ruin'd it, ſpeak it again *Roderigo*,  
Aſſure her that her hopes but flatter her,  
Or if thou doſt repent thy courteſie,  
Deal freely with me, ſay thy minde is chang'd,  
And that thou lov'ſt her ſpight of all her rigors.

R O.

Great ſir, my duty here reſtrains my tongue,  
It is enough for me that I have told you,  
You are my King, and I your humble vaſſall.

K.

Though I am ſo, I will not force my ſubject  
To ſuffer for concealing his deſires.

R O.

Ah ſir, caſt off all thoughts that may retard  
The courſe of your contentments, when a buſineſſe  
Concerns the good of ſuch a gracious King,  
What is the death of one unhappy man?  
Twill be a faire employment for my arme,  
To puniſh him that's troubleſome to his Prince.

K.

Well thou haſt overcome, thy extream vertue  
Shall ſerve for an example to thy King. *To Seriffa.*  
See where I am oblig'd, Madam, *Don Sancho*,  
I hope has tan'd theſe bluſſies off, I know  
What right you have to me, and I to you.  
This ſhould have been your work *Don Diego* rather  
Then his that did it, you were privy to  
All paſſages between our fathers; but  
You'l ſay, as all elſe do, 'tis dangerous  
To turn the ſtream of Kings affections.

D. D I E.

Your Maſteſtie is gracious, and prevents



## The second Part

Excuses from your subjects, I could say  
No more in my own defence.

K.

Here I restore to thee thine own *Cimena*,  
(Most perfect lover) Madam, I hope your rigour  
Is not habitual, he's *Roderigo*,  
Who spite of my desires, has always lov'd  
And honour'd you, do not defer then longer,  
His and your own contentment, let his love  
Wrack'd with so many storms, finde here its harbour,  
He has conquer'd still abroad, let him not lose  
At home, but adde thy Mirtles to his Lawrels,  
And so confirming to him the same faith,  
Thou gav'st him once, receive him for thy husband.

CIM.

On what shall I resolve?

R.O.

To take my life,  
If you denie the price of my deare love,  
For since the hope of that has yet preserv'd it,  
They both must fall together, and twill be  
Some satisfaction to have dy'd your lover.

CIM.

Rise, tis enough, I am *Cimena* ever,  
Thou *Roderigo*, and I wholly thine.

K.

Live happy Lovers then, and taste the pleasures,  
Which with so many crosses you have purchast:  
Quit all your cares, and celebrate this day,  
My Court shall be Loves Palace, come faire Princess:  
You are mine by a double tie of love and durie,  
Which I shall still preserve, since I am'taught  
To do not what I would, but what I ought.

FINIS.

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